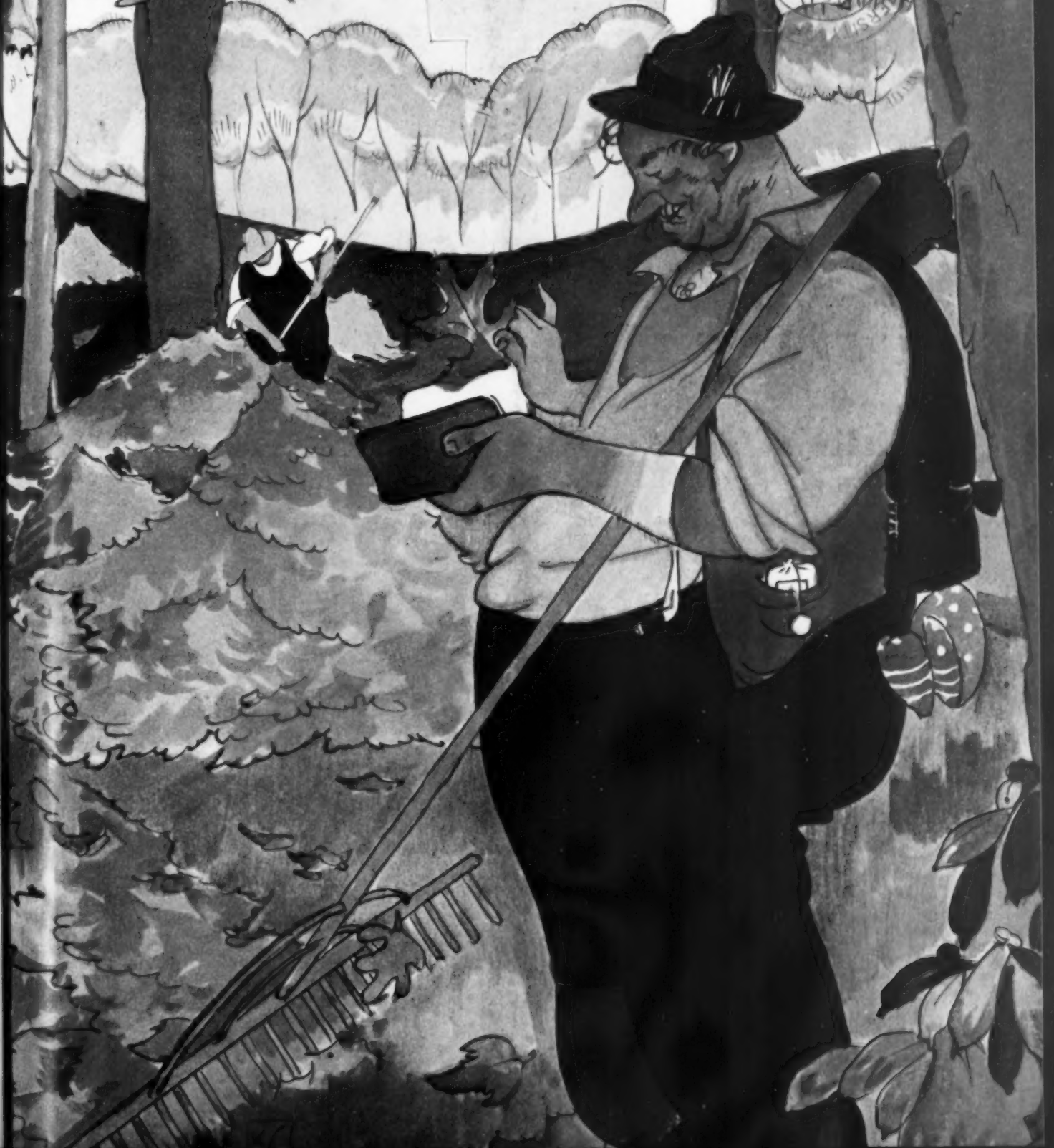
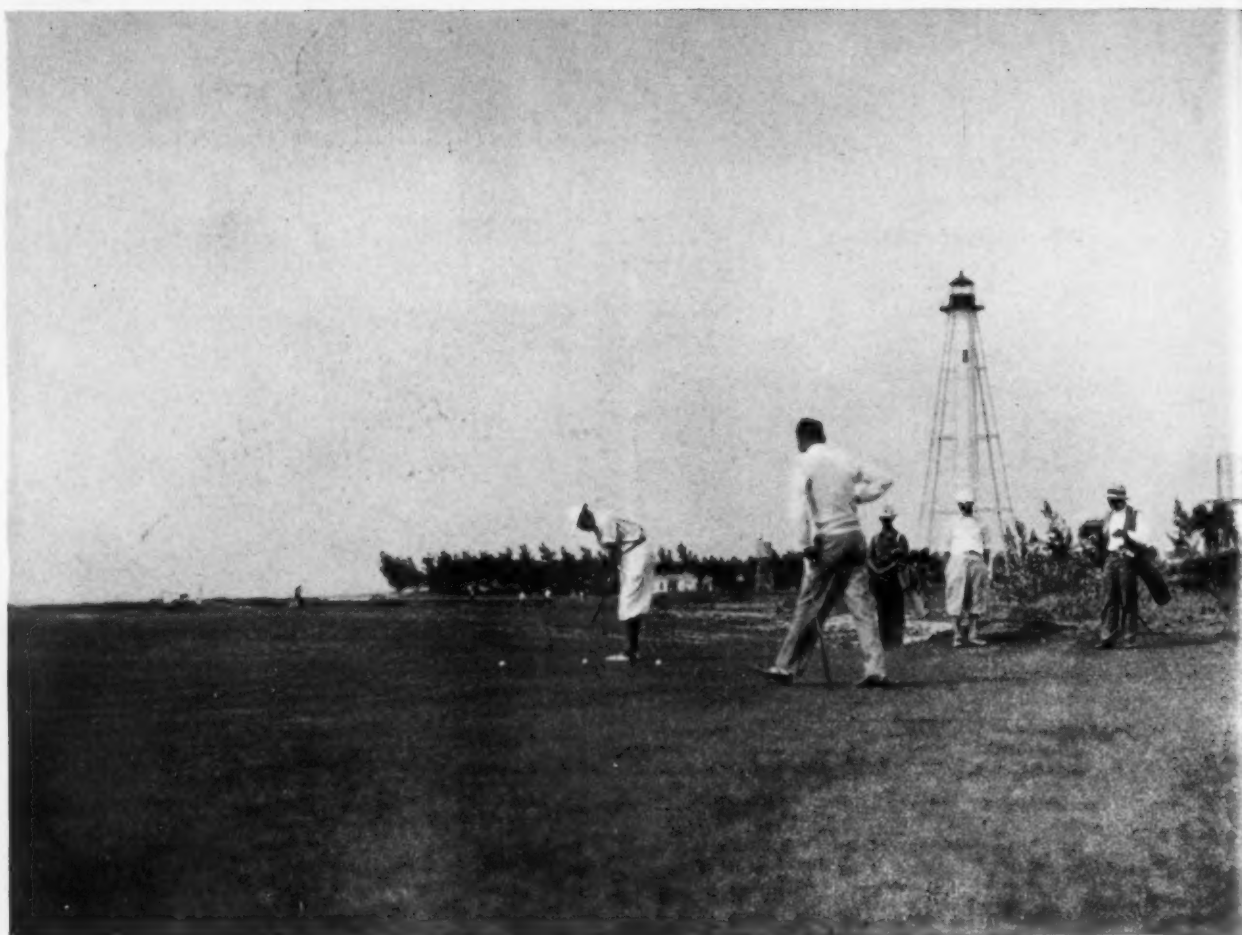


Life

October 17
1930

Price
10 cents





Boca Grande is a delightful island colony situated between Charlotte Harbor and the Gulf.

Announcement of the Opening . . .

**HOTEL CHARLOTTE HARBOR
USEPPA INN
GASPARILLA INN**



Useppa Island is devoted exclusively to the pleasure of the Inn's guests.

The Hotel Charlotte Harbor in Punta Gorda on the West Coast of Florida will open on January first. Golf over the hotel's own 18 hole course, swimming in the great pool that fronts the hotel, tennis, trapshooting, hunting, fishing, boating and dancing, are the feature attractions. Address Peter Schutt, Manager, Hotel Charlotte Harbor, Punta Gorda, Florida, for reservations or further details.

Useppa Inn, on Useppa Island, off the Gulf Coast of Florida, also will open January first. At this unique resort tarpon fishing, golf, bathing and tennis may be enjoyed. Write to J. F. Vallely, Manager, Useppa Inn, New York Office, 220 West 42nd Street, New York City.

On the tenth of January, Gasparilla Inn, at Boca Grande, Florida (Gulf Coast), will open for the coming season. A new 18 hole golf course will be ready for use; and as always, the splendid beaches will be in high favor. Tennis and fishing (in wide variety) will be enjoyed. Write to Gasparilla Inn, New York Office, 220 West 42nd Street, New York City, for reservations, booklet or further details.

October 17, 1930

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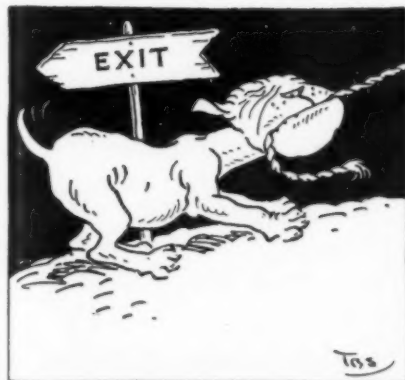
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Suggested Improvement

The new principle of free wheeling enables a driver to shift without moving his feet. Pedestrians need something like that.

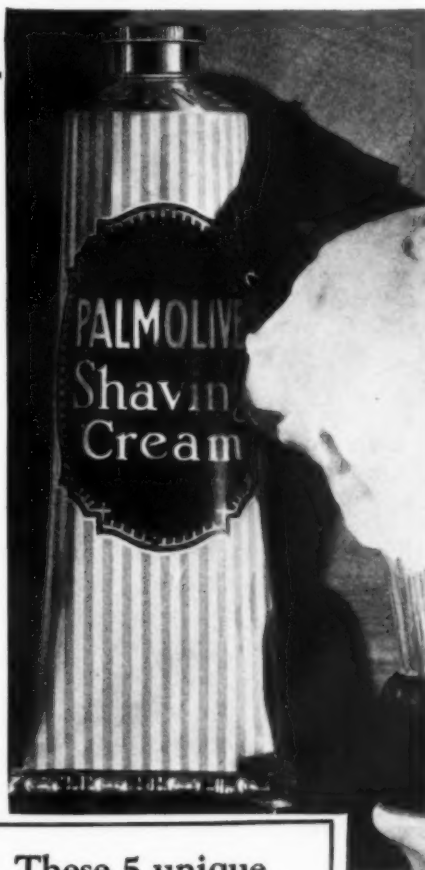


POETICAL PETE

*It's hard to make a bishop talk,
Although we must admit,
There is one thing that's harder,
And that's to make him quit.*

Will you risk a Stamp

to gain new shaving ease?



We wager this 7-day test
against a postage stamp.
Will you take us up? 86
times out of 100, we win!

Note the coupon, please

GENTLEMEN: We have a product that you will want to know about. But we find difficulty in advertising it, for the truth sounds extravagant.

Yet we are confident of its many superiorities. For we find that 86% of those who try it use it and discard all other ways. They have made it the world's largest selling shaving cream.

This product is Palmolive Shaving Cream, different in action and effect from any you have ever known. To introduce it, we offer a free 7-day test. Fair-minded men by the million have tried it.

Our great laboratories, before they started to work, asked 1,000 men's advice on shaving preparations. Five things stood out.

They believed a shaving cream containing olive oil would solve those difficulties.

Time and again formulas were abandoned—129 in all. Then came success, and in one outstanding shaving cream we had 5 superiorities.

Now we ask the courtesy of a test. You risk nothing but a stamp.

These 5 unique features

- 1 Multiplies itself in lather 250 times.
- 2 Softens the beard in one minute.
- 3 Maintains its creamy fullness for 10 minutes on the face.
- 4 Strong bubbles hold the hairs erect for shaving.
- 5 Fine after-effects due to palm and olive oil content.

PALMOLIVE RADIO HOUR—Broadcast every Wednesday night—from 9:30 to 10:30 p. m., Eastern time; 8:30 to 9:30 p. m., Central time; 7:30 to 8:30 p. m., Mountain time; 6:30 to 7:00 p. m., Pacific Coast time—over WEA and 39 stations associated with The National Broadcasting Company.

7 SHAVES FREE and a can of Palmolive After Shaving Tale

Simply insert your name and address and mail to Palmolive, Dept. M-875, P. O. Box 375, Grand Central Post Office, New York City.

(Please print your name and address)

Six Months Old Today!

Tomorrow he is going to keep an appointment with his doctor made the day the baby was born.



© 1930
M. L. I. CO.

YOUNG mothers of this generation little realize the heartaches and anxieties their grandmothers suffered in rearing their children. Forty years ago diphtheria killed six times as many babies as it does today. People were helpless when diphtheria epidemics raged. Then there was neither anti-toxin to help fight the disease, nor toxin-antitoxin (or toxoid) to prevent it.

Nowadays, the disease has almost disappeared in communities where people have organized campaigns to educate and persuade every mother to have her baby inoculated against diphtheria at the age of six months. Nevertheless, throughout the length and breadth of the country, about 8,000 children died last year from this one cause. They had not been protected as they might have been.

Immunization is a very simple matter—painless and safe. But the inoculation of your baby should not be delayed.



More than half of all deaths from diphtheria occur among children between the ages of six months and five years. A striking contrast is presented by comparison of the deathrates from diphtheria in two groups of representative American cities. For the past three years the first group has carried on an intensive campaign to immunize all children against diphtheria and has decreased its deathrate 33%. During the same period the second group of cities has been less aggressive and has had an increase of 9%.

Protection can be given your baby whether or not you live in a city or a part of the country which has a dangerous diphtheria deathrate. Take him to your doctor and you will be spared one anxiety from which past generations were never free.

Metropolitan Life Insurance Company will gladly mail free, its booklet, "Diphtheria is Preventable". Address Booklet Department 1130-F.

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

FREDERICK H. ECKER, PRESIDENT

ONE MADISON AVE., NEW YORK, N. Y.

Life



"Notre Dame 12—Army 0!"



"If you was to buy that hay from me, Jed, it would help bring back prosperity."

Money This Way!

One of the aftermaths of the recent football season will be statements from the leading stadia that their receipts have been far in excess of their expenses. I am therefore taking this early opportunity to submit the following statement to the Intercollegiate Football Association.

This bill covers only the necessary expenses incurred by me in helping to swell the grand total of the cash returns of the various football elevens, and under the circumstances it seems only fair to suppose that they might see their way clear to reimburse me from their undivided surplus:

To money lost by betting on our team when pronounced favorites	\$ 50.00
To money lost by not betting on our team when pronounced "under dogs"	5,000.00
To 1 flask, broken	1.00

To 1 flask, contents of	10.00
To postage for letters to non-college friends, advising them it is impossible to get them seats in middle field	1.00
To telegrams to ditto, reaffirming ditto	8.00
To surgical attention to eye, as result of urging man in crowd to "Stop shoving, you big blimp!"	5.00
To cigars to motor cop en route to game25
To fine to Justice of the Peace, despite cigars to cop	25.00
To 1 double-pneumonia—one pneumonia contracted by standing bareheaded when singing "Old Nassau," other pneumonia contracted by standing bareheaded when other side sang "Bright College Years"	200.00
	<hr/> \$5,300.25

—A. C. M. Azoy.

Sizing Up the Market

There are certain aspects of the Stock Market situation just now which are puzzling. It was just the opposite a year ago. At that time, those of us who had proved ourselves such skilful and successful traders during the first eight or nine months of the year knew what it was all about. The Stock Market had no secrets from us. It was ridiculously simple. One had only to buy and buy, and try to figure out where to spend all the money. It was a pleasure to trade in such a Market.

But now, the situation is somewhat different. The present Stock Market has secrets, and the most well-hidden secret of all is how to make money in it. After making extensive inquiries, I have about come to the conclusion that no one is making money now in the Market. People who have bought have lost, people who have sold short have lost, and the brokers are crying about rotten business. Obviously, steps ought to be taken to make the Market its kindly, open-faced self once more, with malice toward none and charity for all.

What is wrong with the Market? For one thing, the right sort of people are not holding stocks. Stocks are in strong hands—weak hands can't hold on to them, the way prices are now—and that is a bad sign. Strong hands are not the kind that stocks ought to be in, if they are to become buoyant. Strong hands always seem to have a depressing effect upon stock prices. Last year, stocks were in weak hands for months on end, and look how high they went. We need more weak hands in the Market right now.

Another thing: Not enough women are trading in Stocks. You may frown at the suggestion that women ought to be back on the job, watching the tape and wondering what it is all about. You may argue that woman's place is in the modiste's. But the greatest bull market of all time came along when the uptown branch offices were jammed with women. Nothing stirs a stock to new heights like having a mob of attractive women bidding for it. Get the women back in the Market, and see what happens.

There are not nearly enough good tips on stocks these days. You can hang around a board room all day,



"But I AM relaxing, Sylvia."

but you will hear nothing in the way of a real hot tip. All you hear will be low moans. It takes tips, and lots of them, to make stock prices go up. Last year there were so many tips they got in everyone's way. You couldn't dodge them. If you ran away from the elevator operator when he tried to pass along a good one about General Motors, you ran into the elevator starter, who held you just long enough to whisper a bit of glad news about Radio. But now you can search for days without finding a tip. The best you can get is a doleful suggestion

that you might try Steel because you probably won't lose more than four points on it. There ought to be more tips.

Given a few weak hands, a bevy or two of women in a buying mood, and a sheaf of good, red-hot tips, this Market will be all right. But without them, with money flat on its back around two per cent, and with everyone so busy trying to earn a living that he can't find time to hang around the broker's office, the Market seems certain to stay just as it is.

-John C. Emery.



"Waiter, take this clam out of the chowder, it annoys me."



"That job as bouncer was already filled!"

The Letters of a Modern Father

My Dear Daughter:

I knew when you went to Miss Mulligan's that it was called a finishing school, but I thought it was you and not I who was to be finished. Your bills couldn't be much higher if you were in a well managed hospital. You have several extras, each of which comes to as much as seats for a musical comedy on a Saturday night.

Then there is the item of "breakage." You haven't fallen against a case in the Metropolitan Museum, have you?

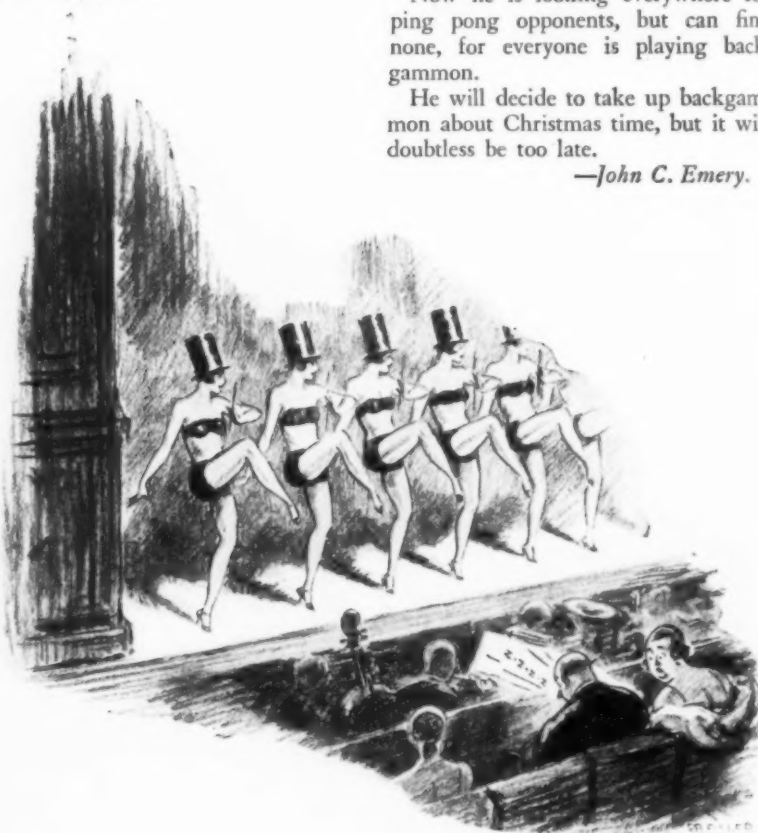
Perhaps they have sent me the wrong bill. I notice \$100 for voice. That must be some other girl.

Don't get the idea I want you to withdraw. It's worth what it costs to know where you are, in a general way. And I understand that Miss Mulligan doesn't let you go to New York without a chaperon and a hundred dollar bill.

Your mother is already counting the days until your first vacation. She is eager to learn whom you will visit. As soon as you have landed the invitation wire her so she can look them up.

Your Affectionate Father,

McCready Huston.



WIFE: Good Heavens, George—shall I call a doctor?

(6)

Pathetic Case

He was still going in for outdoor sports when the Mah Jongg rage hit the country.

By the time he had studied the Chinese game and bought a set of tiles, paying peak prices, everyone else was working on cross-word puzzles.

He took up cross-word puzzles some three days before the newspapers stopped publishing them, and about six months after everyone was playing auction bridge.

He spent a hundred dollars for lessons in auction, and finally ventured out to play with his friends, only to find that they had all been converted to contract bridge.

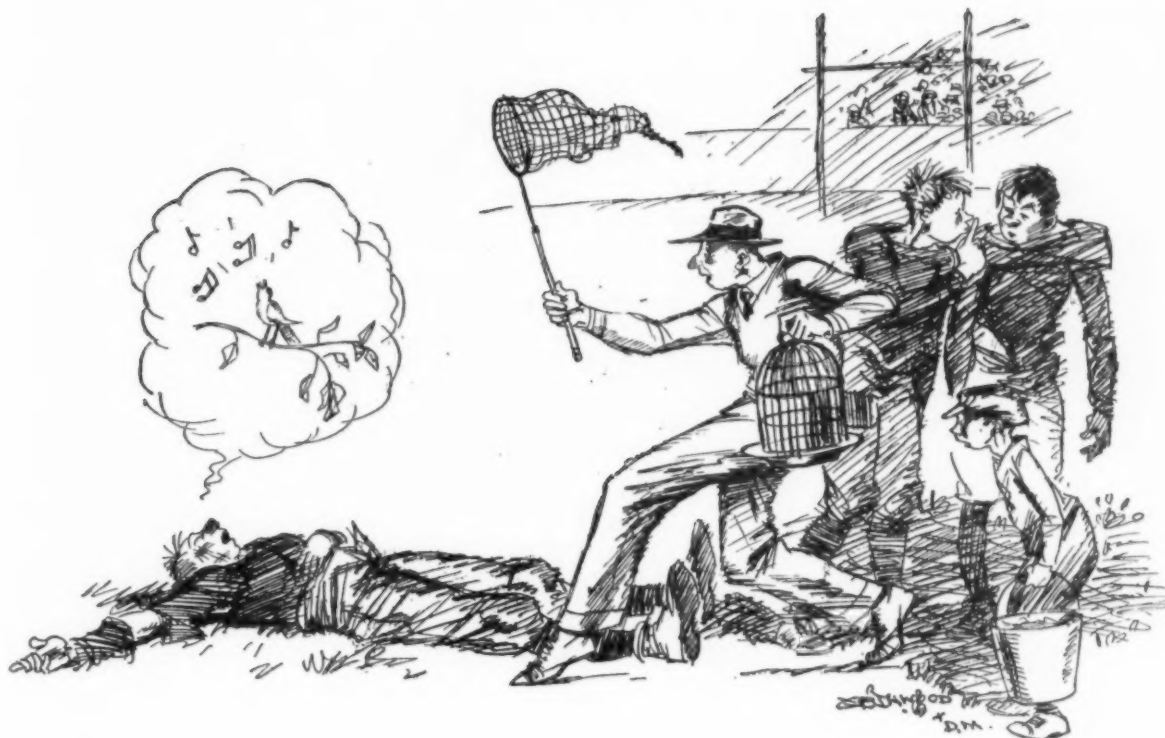
By the time he had taken ten lessons in contract and had a rough, working knowledge of the bidding conventions, all his friends were playing ping pong during the long winter evenings.

He took up ping pong with a vengeance late last spring, but before he could arrange a game, the season was over.

Now he is looking everywhere for ping pong opponents, but can find none, for everyone is playing backgammon.

He will decide to take up backgammon about Christmas time, but it will doubtless be too late.

—John C. Emery.



Coach hits on scheme to revive knocked out players.

Drawback

"The instep length gowns with shirred fullness are returning the beauty of motion to the ballroom," writes a fashion designer. Yes, but they are making it so difficult to find one's shoes in the closet.

Or No Help Wanted

We are told that the Birth Control League of America is seeking a slogan. Our suggestion would be: "No Minors Allowed."

Correct!

"What is the ideal income?" asks the New York World. Oh, about fifty per cent more.



"Mother, Jessie is going home to her folks. We've agreed to a divorce and she gets the child."

(7)

Static

Norman Pearce, an announcer, talked continuously for twenty-four hours at the New York radio show. Then he called it a day.

Overtime

Two days after triplets were born in Florida a hospital in California announced quadruplets. Preparations for the 1940 census have begun in earnest.

Couldn't Place Her

On being informed that his wife was suing him for divorce a movie star exclaimed, "Why, I am simply astounded!" His friends tell us confidentially that he hardly knew the woman.

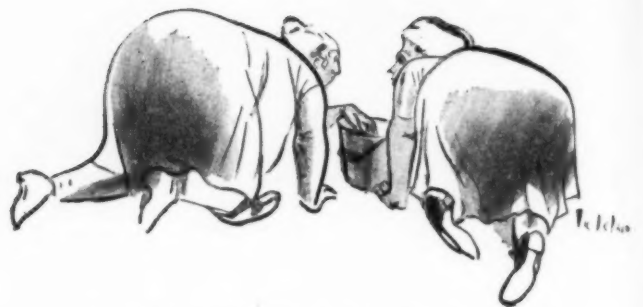
Comment

He's written a sonnet to please me . . .
It came in my morning mail . . .
He sings of my lips and his aching heart . . .
He calls me his Nightingale . . .

I'm flattered to find I'm a Lily . . .
Whose soul has a fragrant touch . . .
That really is very consoling to know . . .
I've always suspected as much . . .

I'm happy to think I inspire him . . .
I wish I could do as well . . .
With someone whose passion was writing checks . . .
Ah! That, I'm convinced, would be swell . . .

—E. L.



"—and now that hips is in again—heaven help us!"

Notice

Suppose I was Mr. Pullman. Suppose I was THE Mr. Pullman whose name is seen on towels in Pullman cars. Here's what I would do:

I would take down those signs seen in Pullman vestibules which warn you not to play cards with card sharks and put up some worthwhile signs.

The "Do not play cards" warning is all right. It could be on the new signs. But it could be included in the first paragraph which would read: "Do not play cards, chew, drink, smoke, curse, fight or run around nights."

That would take care of the moral side of your journey. Next—

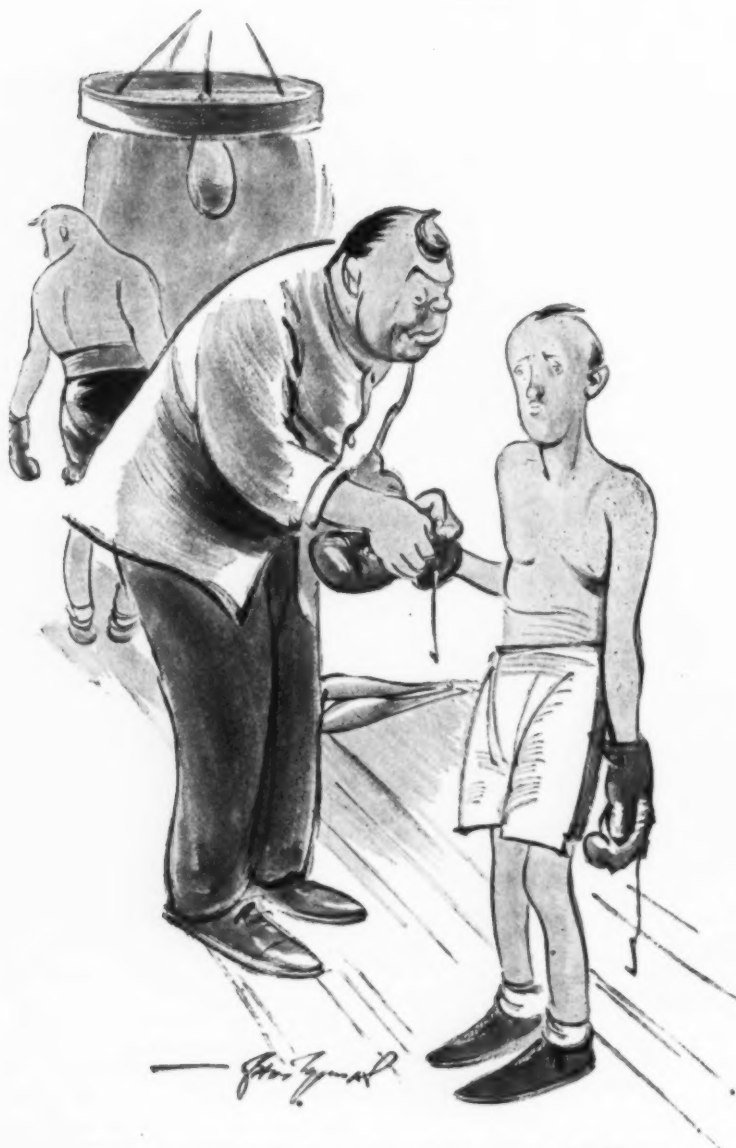
"Don't call the porter 'George.'"

If the porter's name happens to be George he has heard it all his life and is tired of it. And if the porter's name isn't George he is certainly tired of being called George.

I can give you a way to test the value of this warning. Take two night journeys. On the first journey call the porter "you" or "say" or "listen." On the second call him George. The morning after the first journey—the "you," "say" and "listen" one—grope on the floor at the bottom of the berth curtains and the first thing your hand strikes will be your shoes. The morning after the second journey—the George one—grope. Grope, grope and grope. Get down in the aisle and feel. You'll find the porter you called George has hidden your shoes way back under the berth. It's a little trick of "overgeorged" porters. Next, in red ink—"Remember your berth number."

Nothing is more annoying in a Pullman berth than noticing, just as you start to turn off the light, that the pajamas into which you have struggled are not your own. It is likely to cause heart-ache and misunderstanding.

—Tom Sims.



"So it's an inferiority complex you have, eh? We'll soon wallop that out of yez."



"Did you wish to see the Doctor?"
 "No, thanks. I'm just looking!"

Great Minds at Work

I had a very strange and affecting boyhood; very curious and fascinating. In winter I went sliding. In summer I went swimming.

—Sinclair Lewis.

I don't see how prohibition can be made a party issue in this campaign. We will, however, take a decided stand on law enforcement.

—Senator Fess.

In the two inspection tours I have made I didn't see one single drunken man.

—Amos W. Woodcock.

Oftentimes leisure can be profitably employed.

—Calvin Coolidge.

Best of all I like to drive my little two-seater Ford.

—King Alfonso of Spain.

The finest grave is only temporary. We must look elsewhere for comfort.

—Arthur Brisbane.

Reverse

BIGTALK: There's no such thing as speeding on the road to Success.

CRABBE: Maybe not, but you sure gotta look out for the fellows coming back.

Midnight Oil

A millionaire oil burner manufacturer eloped with a night club dancer recently. That was doing very well for an oil burner.

Broad Education

It's a grave problem choosing a college. One can't be sure whether a big university or a small college will make a boy's father the wiser.



"You see, Tommy, they just can't help it!"

Mrs. Pep's Diary

by SEPTEMBER 24 — Frances Baird Leonard
Hartmann, just off the Bremen, in early to see me, bringing me a bottle of Patou's "Amour, Amour," which I am glad to have. Lord! I do well recall when it was considered bad taste for a gentlewoman to use scent beyond an occasional dash of lavender or violet, but now there are sixteen varieties on my dressing-table, and the advertisements prove that I have by no means exhausted the market. F. full of talk about her Paris clothes, causing me to break the Tenth Commandment, for my own wardrobe is so depleted that I doubt if I can go to the Meadowbrook Cup on Saturday without being mistaken by a groom for a campfollower. And she did tell me the couturiers are adamant in their refusals to alter a line of their models, although calmly promising that your own suggestions will be incorporated at the next fitting, and how she had fumed at the narrowness of one particular petticoat, stating that it would be impossible for her to step into a motor, whereto the maker quoth, "Then, Madame, you must lift up your skirts; one inch wider, and it would not be *chic*." Another reporter to interview me, asking first what I thought about the younger generation, and I responded that I did not think about it at all, save that if our nephew Bill do not stop charging theatre tickets to us at the club we are planning to have the law on him. Then she wanted to know what I deemed the dangerous age, and I answered, "Every one of them," which was good enough Nietzsche, but not, methinks, what she wanted for her journal. I do feel a great fool when such inquiries are put to me, and I do think it a mistake for interviewers to ask people their opinions of abstractions instead of facts about themselves, too I am sure the public could form a better estimate of a man from learning what he liked to eat, what he did on Sundays, how much he paid for his hosiery, etc., than from anything he could say on Leibnitz's theory of monads or the skyline and women of New York.

SEPTEMBER 25—Samuel in betimes, and in no larklike mood, neither, having mixed gin, champagne and brandy at the Bannings last night, so I dosed

him with milk and lime water, grimly quoting Marcus Aurelius to the effect that "calamities sent by Heaven may be avoided, but from those which we bring on ourselves there is no escape," a statement I never clearly understood, but which has always proved effective in moments of admonition. Whereupon marking several new bibelots about my room, he did begin to twit me for my extravagance, demanding why I do buy so many things which are not vital necessities, and I told him I bought them to feed my soul, and he responded that according to the poet, hyacinths were good soul-fodder, and considerably cheaper than the fuel I

chose, but forasmuch as "considerably" was not exactly the qualification he employed, I made no reply, but led him back to his room and put an icepack on his head. Miss McLean in for my treatment, confiding that many women of her clientele are ruining their health by dieting, and adding, "A sylph-like figure doesn't do you any good in a coffin." A good laugh this day at my Katie, whom I was obliged to reprimand severely in the morning, and when later I did catch her with my dictionary and demanded what she was doing with it, she retorted that she was looking up "aborigine," which was what I told her she did mutter like.



"'Course I ain't got no chillun, Mose. Don't you know I'se a baroness?"

Cassandra, Jr.

By BERTON BRALEY.

If you, as Prophet, want the credit
Of saying, afterwards, "I said it,"
If you want everyone to know
How right is your "I told you so,"
Don't ever, ever prophesy
"Things will be better, bye and bye,"
But with a face as grim as Fate
Consistently prognosticate
Bad weather, panics, trade reverses
And other forms of mortal curses.
It's true, of course, tomorrow brings
More of the good and better things
Than of the worse—but little fame
Attends the prophet of the same.
When times are good, who will recall
The man who prophesied it all?
Folks are too busy making money
To think of prophets who are sunny.
But when the times are black as night
We say "That prophet-guy was right,
He said 'Bad Luck' and here it is;
And as a prophet he's a wiz."



*"The boids and bees—how I'd like to see one
of the little bozos now!"*



*"Sure this is me woiking shirt—outa me britches it's all the
time woiking, ain't it?"*

Redemption

There's one good thing about back-gammon. In the course of an evening you can usually turn it into a crap game.

Please, My Incision!

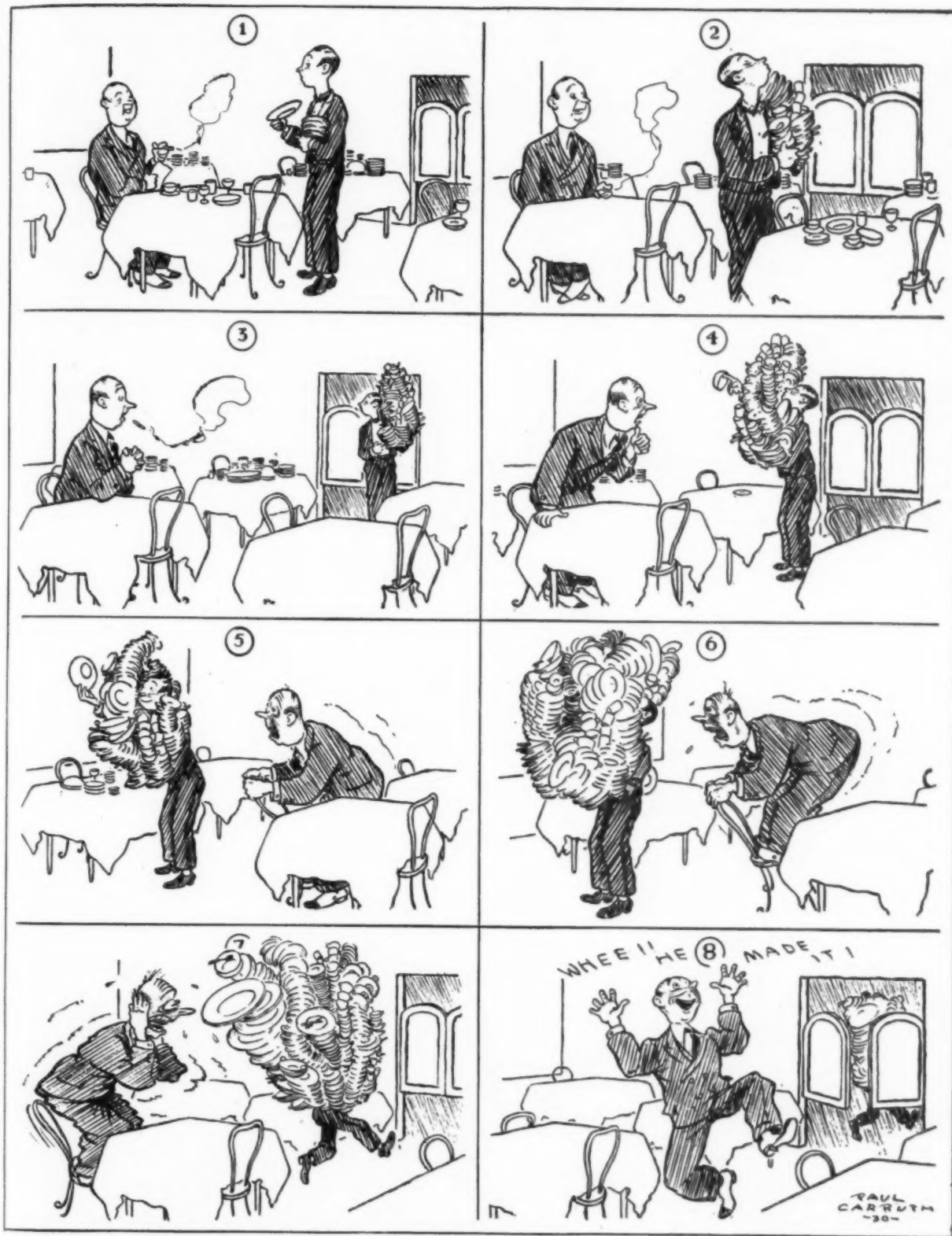
SHE: Doctor, I want you to operate on me for appendicitis.

HE: But I'm a beauty doctor!

SHE: Well, I'm a show girl.

**Vanderbilt Ineligibles Ruled
Ineligible To Be Ineligible**
—Headline in Nashville Tennessean.

They'd better punt.



O ye of little faith !



Life Looks About

Roosevelt and the Wigwam

NO ONE can live by advice, not even a politician. First or last there has to be a show down of essential qualities and that determines what happens next.

That is about what one thinks to himself as he contemplates Governor Roosevelt preparing to run for reelection and confronted by a dilemma, to wit: Tammany. Tammany has not been behaving well. That venerable organization has been living up to the good old rule—it has raised a lot of salaries, most of them out of sheer impudence and it seems to have looted more audaciously than for some years past. Governor Smith had a hold on Tammany that Governor Roosevelt lacks. As a Tammany product Tammany was proud of him and with good reason. It had produced a great politician and seemed willing to back him even to the point of reformations in its own body. Anyhow, Governor Smith so long as he was in office seemed able to keep Tammany in order.

But not so Governor Roosevelt, who, however meritorious as a Democrat and a politician and as Governor of the State, is not a Tammany product and does not by his advancement stir any particular exaltation in the Tammany bosom. To Tammany he is apparently just a troublesome person with annoying preferences for decency and moderation and who objects to the sale of judicial offices. Governor Roosevelt then, with the lively Tuttle as his opponent, has to consider whether he can win without earnest support of Tammany, what it will cost him to get it, and whether he can win if he pays the price.

It is not so simple to throw down Tammany nor does it necessarily lead to improved government. Salvation does not come to New York from Koenig. Tammany probably has more competent men in office than could be

had for the same money in many other organizations.

So there you are. Governor Roosevelt will do what he can. He will have good minds with which to take counsel—Governor Smith, Mr. Raskob and plenty of others, but as observed, no one can live by advice, not even a politician.

Thought as an Exterminator

JULIAN HUXLEY makes interesting remarks in *Harper's* (October) about African animals including birds and insects. The tropical warmth, he says, such as prevails extensively in Africa encourages reptiles and insects at the expense of birds and mammals. Then he talks about insects, termites especially, covering plains miles square with nests like corn shocks five or six feet tall. He seemed almost appalled and at a loss how to put bounds to their increase.

But Mr. Huxley is not really up to date about African insects. If he will read a few selected chapters in *Exodus* he will realize that the truly great African entomologists were Moses and Aaron who got lice when they wanted them and shooed them off when they had finished with them, the same with flies, locusts and anything else needed to tire out Pharaoh and make him eat dirt. What Moses and Aaron could

do can be done again. In our time when vegetation can be Burbanked, the solution of the problem of controlling insects by action of the mind must be just around the corner. It is as remarked nine years ago by Dr. L. P. Jacks in a review of William James' letters that "The problem of developing the unused energies of the human mind is of far greater importance than that of controlling by regulative systems the energies now in operation. Indeed, we may say that the second problem, on which all our political activities are now centered, will be solved only insofar as we approach to a solution of the first!"

Rebels and Pedestrians

FOUR dozen citizens were shot in Russia the other day by orders of the government for having wrong opinions on some subject, which seems harsh. But after all, different varieties of civilization express themselves in different ways. The monthly death roll in New York for homicides by motor cars is about forty. Motor cars probably kill considerably more people in the United States than the Soviet governments do in Russia. But probably when Russia gets as good roads and as many cars as we have the fatalities will shift from government to motoring.

—E. S. Martin.



"Any suggestions, Akerson?"



SINBAD
The Melancholy Days are here.
 (15)

Life in Washington

By CARTER FIELD.

A Lady in the Cabinet?

AGAIN comes this suggestion of a woman in the cabinet to furrow the brow of President Hoover. This time it is given endorsements from every sort of people on whose advice the President likes to lean—such non-political figures as Gerard Swope, president of the General Electric Co., and Professor Felix Adler, of Columbia University, each representing a distinct type which Mr. Hoover delights to honor when it comes to picking commissions to solve this or that problem affecting the American Home.

Both these gentlemen, and many others, have endorsed a particular woman for the job of Secretary of Labor, which will be vacated, presumably, right after election by the elevation of James J. Davis from the cabinet to the Senate. Miss Abbott is also recommended strongly for the post by some in the twilight zone between politics and private life, as for example Judge Julian W. Mack, of Chicago.

What the labor unions would think of a secretary of labor who has been chosen on the recommendation of the head of one of the larger corporations is something else again. Even if they were enthusiastic about Miss Abbott this might give them several varieties of pause. They have been known not to be very reasonable about such things.

But far more interesting to Washington is whether this will smoke out the real views of President Hoover as to bestowing high office under him on a woman. So far he has not had to broadcast his views on this subject, although some of his lieutenants, during the days of amateur cabinet picking just before inauguration, thought that he owed so much to women because of their tremendous enthusiasm for him, originating in the relief work, intensified during the food conservation orgy, and cashed in on election day, that he should really put one in the cabinet.

Faithful Dr. Hubert Work even went so far as to suggest a particular woman for a particular place—Mrs. Alvin T. Hert, of Kentucky, then vice chairman of the Republican National Committee, for his old job as Secretary of the Interior. The doctor knew how hard

Mrs. Hert, widow of the shrewd "Tobe," who pretty nearly changed Kentucky into a Republican state, had worked for Hoover at the Kansas City Convention. He didn't really mean to be quoted, it transpired later, but he forgot to pledge his auditors to secrecy, so his views decorated the country's front pages.

It may have been a coincidence, but his prestige with the "Chief" seemed to decline from that moment. True, he accompanied him to Miami afterward, but soon he resigned as head of the National Committee, and went back to Colorado to live.

Right after Dr. Work's interview was cabled to Mr. Hoover, then on the South American goodwill tour which provided the newspapers with the pictures so handy during the recent series of revolutions down there, Ruth Hanna McCormick took a hand. "Ruthless Ruth," as the *St. Louis Post Dispatch* calls her, apparently had no love for Sally Hert. She made a speech right in Kentucky to the broad general effect that no woman should be appointed to office save on her own merits. She did not mention Mrs. Hert's name but one gathered the impression

that Mrs. Hert lacked a great deal of being the ideal person for the place.

It may be that this gave Mr. Hoover the thought that, being as the women had stuck by him so strongly, it would smack of ingratitude to give one of them a high place, because to appoint one woman would annoy so many others.

He handled the situation masterfully. He invited Mrs. Hert to dinner shortly after his return to Washington. Turning to her suddenly in the course of the evening he said:

"You don't really want this place in the cabinet, do you?"

Flustered and embarrassed by the publicity and comments, Mrs. Hert blurted out that she certainly did not. Which may have been precisely what Mr. Hoover wanted her to say, though it certainly did not accord with what her friends had thought to be her ambition just a few days before.

And there are those who say that Mr. Hoover solved the same problem raised by the ambition of Mabel Walker Willebrandt by having certain wires pulled which obtained for her the lucrative post with an aviation company.

Maybe Miss Abbott will be lucky too.



"Them Soviets are givin' us honest bums a bad name!"



VAUDEVILLE BOOKING AGENT: *Ever try radio work?*

There's One In Every Stadium!

"Hey, quarterback, why not try to pass once in a while? This isn't one lane traffic!" . . . "That safety man tackles around the neck all the time. He must think he's John Gilbert!" . . . "Gee, what a kick! That guy must be the son of a Democratic Senator!" . . . "Penalized for rough playing again! Who does he think we are, Princeton?" . . . "Look at him standing there in the middle of the field! What's he waiting for, a green light?" . . . "Oh, boy! Things have come to a pretty pass!" . . . "Yeah, we do have good ends. I guess it's because it's destiny that shapes 'em!" . . . "Good Lord, are they taking Hutton out? Accept no substitute!" . . . "C'mon let's give the team a cheer. They look as if they need something to sit on!" . . . "Well, well, a man injured. First down of the season!" . . . "That's what you call a line buck. When you get through a couple of those you need a gin buck!" . . . "Say, that guard is as weak as one of Carnera's opponents!" . . . "After that first period the team will probably be in a coma!" . . . "We ought to have good seats! I could have bought a Judgeship in New York for less!"

—A. S.

Mythoigological Ditties

Now Baucis and Philemon were
A simple couple, poor and old,
Who took two hungry strangers in
And fed and sheltered them from cold.
The hungry strangers proved to be
Old Jupiter and Mercury.
They drank the poor old couple's health
They waved their wands—unbounded
wealth!
The measly little hut was burned—
The ashes to a mansion turned.
But don't feed all the bums you see—
Just Jupiter and Mercury.

—W. W. H.

Red Bird Scabby and his wife, Mrs. Red Feather, of Calumet, were week-end visitors here.

Chief Dirty Face of near Calumet had the pleasure of entertaining a few guests last Sunday.

—Kingfisher (Okla.) Times.



"Gee, what a relief! I dreamt burglars broke in and made off with thousands of dollars worth of valuables!"

Theatre • by Baird Leonard

WHEN Molière became so disgusted with the dim-wittedness of his environment that he could bear it no longer, he sat down and wrote a play in the hope that his countrymen, stabbed by the fine, effective point of ridicule, might laugh themselves out of some of their more distressing idiosyncrasies. Mr. George S. Kaufman (our own Molière, if we are ever to have one) has not been content with the mere indicting of a manuscript. His feelings against the asininity of motion picture production in Hollywood are so strong that he would not trust their expression to an actor. He goes on the stage and expresses them himself, getting even in one superb speech for all the indignities which people of intelligence have suffered from cinema impresarios with souls very slightly above buttons. "Once in a Lifetime," the uproarious comedy in which he and Moss Hart got all this off their chests, is the outstanding hit of the season. The extravagant fanfare of the movie colony is exploited for far more than it is worth, and the Board of Home Missions will have to work hard to match this contribution towards the betterment of our domestic civilization. It may even inspire a number of our useless, unemployed citizens to make tracks for the gold in the Hollywood

hills, which would be a move in the proper direction for assembling all the nation's nitwits in one spot. Miss Jean Dixon and Mr. Hugh O'Connell are splendid as the vaudeville troupers who cash in on teaching the screen stars to talk. Mr. Kaufman, as the discouraged playwright repenting at his leisure on a handsome salary, is not even an exaggeration, according to the word of several strong men who have fallen for the lure of the films and lived to regret it. And he was wise enough to stop off at a sanatorium on the way home.

THE GREEKS HAD A WORD FOR IT is Miss Zoe Akins' new play. The Greeks also had a very different type of woman to whom it applied, if you will recall Aspasia and Mr. Thornton Wilder's woman of Andros. The word which we have for it is not, unfortunately, printable in a respectable magazine, even though it were possible to write in the smile which demanding gentlemen insist should accompany it. Let us say, then, that the three extremely light ladies with whom Miss Akins is concerned

are as amusing specimens as you will encounter for some time, although you are warned herewith not to take the children when you go to see them. They begin in the back room of a night club with considerable champagne, and for three acts they keep up a patter which I enjoyed heartily. I am not able to say how closely they resemble their type, since my visiting list does not include any of its members, but several worldly men have told me that their profanity and gold-digging have a verisimilitude which is almost as painful as it is side-splitting. "A girl who's good company ought to think twice before she goes to work," says one of them, voicing their philosophy in a sentence. "Some damned teetotaler must have invented pints," says another, and is reminded that it's not much trouble to keep opening them. The two protagonists, excellently played by Muriel Kirkland and Verree Teasdale, are foes in fair weather and friends in adversity, demanding the return of ermine coats and diamond necklaces at the first outbreak of hostilities. If you want a good

In his (and Moss Hart's) "Once in a Lifetime" George S. Kaufman, as an underworked picture-playwright, vents his spleen against the ridiculous hocus-pocus of Hollywood, here more or less personified in the beautiful but dumb receptionist played by Miss Leona Maricle.



Hugh O'Connell leads Jean Dixon and Grant Mills to fame and fortune, and, as a director-in-spite-of-himself, wins the approval of the ex-furrier producer, played by Charles Halton.

idea of the glamorous side of sin in contemporary New York, "The Greeks Had a Word for It" is a liberal education.

UNLESS I am mistaken, and Arthur Hopkins has sprung something like "The Tavern," which fooled so many wise people at first, "Roadside" does little more than introduce a new actor, Ralph Bellamy, who made such a hit as a swash-buckling lad from Texas on the opening night that the audience interrupted him in the middle of his best speech. Inasmuch as he went through the entire performance with a lock of hair hanging over his left eye, my own opinion of his histrionic ability was slightly colored by my inability to look at him. The plot follows the turbulent course of true love between two vagabondish temperaments, and the locale is the Indian Territory in the days of 1905. This makes for town marshals, gun-play, and a certain violence of acting by which Miss Ruthelma Stevens and Mr. Bellamy do full justice. There is a comic courtroom scene which satirizes the law to the satisfaction of some of us, and I am obliged to admit that I laughed out loud at Mr. Frank I.

Frayne, who looked as if he had stepped out of "The Spirit of '76."

NINE TILL SIX" lets us in on the dressmaking business in London, which is apparently no picnic. The lovely Miss Auriol Lee, who staged this piece and transported its all-feminine cast to America, is seen as the proprietress of an establishment which women shoppers delight to call "exclusive." I watched the proceedings with interest, because I like going to smart couturiers myself, and this was more or less like passing a pleasant afternoon with one of them without spending any money. The mannequins were lovely and the models were the last word in fashion. There was a slight menace, to be sure, arising from the theft of a dress by a little errand girl, and from the various inhumanities which the softer sex practices when it allows personalities to intrude upon a business career. There was even one horrible moment when Capital-and-Labor reared its ugly head. But Miss Lee resolved it all with a noble speech in the last act, and even allowed the erring shopgirl to keep the dress. "Nine Till Six" is not much of a play, but it has value

as a faithful reproduction of a side of one of our leading and most interesting industries. My own dress-maker once told me that when she considered how much thought she put on making Mrs. Blank's back presentable enough to keep a crowd from following her in the street, it was incredible to her that President Coolidge could sleep at night.

THE two Molnar playlets which Gilbert Miller has imported are characteristic and delightful. In "The Violet," Miss Ruth Gordon does her own particular stuff splendidly in the office of a producer-manager. "One, Two, Three" gives us the suave and competent Arthur Byron as a great financier who is obliged before he catches a train to transform an unrepresentable taxi driver into a young man who would not look out of place in the lobby of a smart hotel. His methods are speedy and the results beyond the criticism of Vanity Fair. And it is good fun to watch him.

FRANKIE and Johnnie, as all students of American folk songs know, were lovers. If you are familiar with the song, that ribald record of Johnnie's emotional vagrancy and Frankie's marksmanship—you will have no trouble in recognizing the play. Otherwise you might. It is a sort of John Held woodcut with sound effects. It keeps you guessing as to whether it is supposed to be farce, burlesque or melodrama—until you decide it doesn't matter. Ann Forrest and Roberta Beatty are good—but while Johnnie done wrong by only one of them, the author done wrong by both.



"One, Two, Three" and swoosh! Arthur Byron, as a Continental automobile king, gives his ward (Miss Audray Dale) a rebuilt model husband. John Williams is the lucky man being de luxed. In the circle an impression of Miss Ruth Gordon and A. P. Kaye in the other Molnar offering, "The Violet."

Movies • by Harry Evans

"Whoopee"

PRODUCED with the elaborate good taste characteristic of everything in which Florenz Ziegfeld has a hand, "Whoopee" is an unusually entertaining musical film. As each new movie operetta is announced, we look forward eagerly in the hope that some genius has solved the perplexing problem of establishing compatibility between the screen and the unseen orchestra. In this respect "Whoopee" shows none of the originality so pleasingly different in "Monte Carlo," but the beauty of the color photography and the very engaging Eddie Cantor take the curse off of the thing.

Having made several short talking features, Mr. Cantor is familiar with the microphone and goes about his business with a bold assurance and a fine sense of timing that gets all the humor possible out of each situation and the one in which he discusses his operation with a fellow hypochondriac is just as funny as it was on the stage. Mr. Cantor is given considerable assistance by several proficient performers who were in the original cast. The one big disappointment about Mr. Cantor's performance is the restricted space allotted his rendition of the tune, "Making Whoopee." Another song he puts over big is "My Baby Just Cares For Me."

One of the outstanding features is the photography which includes striking shots of intricate chorus routines taken from above the performers. The idea is not new, but the effects in this case are original. We might also add that the sombrero dance is one of the most ingenious bits of chorus drilling we have ever seen.

Surrounding Mr. Cantor are a group of young ladies who live up to the time-honored name of Ziegfeld beauties, and the manner in which they are displayed delights the eye and allows the imagination to take the night off. Mr. Ziegfeld's idea of the well dressed woman is to balance a large, intricate gadget on top of the gal's head and sort of let nature take care of the rest, so in the big scene these ladies appear as Indians with long flowing feather head dresses and astride horses. And to think of the fuss Lady Godiva created doing a "single." That, as Mr. Coolidge would say, is real progress.

Women will like "Whoopee" too.

"Big Boy"

BIG BOY" is somewhat like other Al Jolson movies except in this

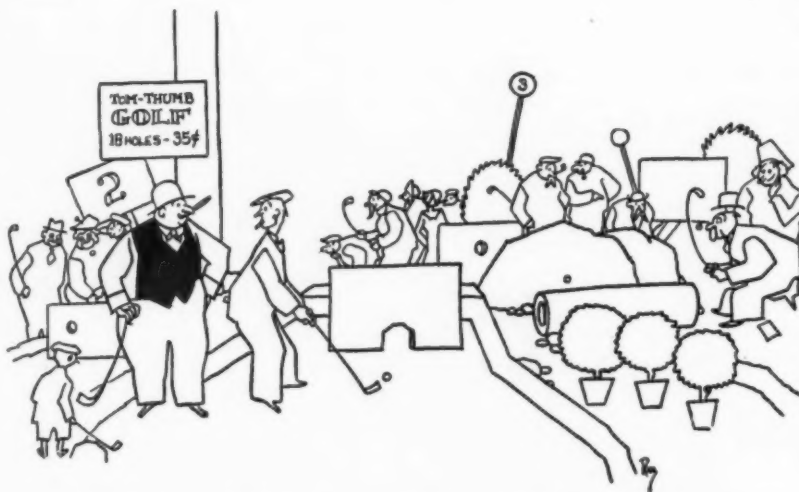
to bring tears to the eyes of most of us in "The Jazz Singer" and "The Singing Fool" has evidently given him a pathos complex that is proving a decided handicap to his natural talents for comedy. It is true that the average movie goer likes to do a little quiet weeping occasionally over the old homey stuff, and it will always be good for the boxoffice when used with discretion, but there is nothing more annoying than the effort to jerk tears with situations and dialog that are neither convincing nor important. Mr. Jolson also seems to think that the public likes the old things that are easily recognizable. Perhaps that is the reason he uses old gags and dance steps. If he insists on dancing when he sings he should realize that the public has become dance conscious to the extent that they are no longer satisfied to

watch a man go through the same motions year after year. Competition is too keen. As for his singing, he can still put a song over with the best of them, but he hasn't had a good song since "Sonny Boy."

The climax of "Big Boy" is the Kentucky Derby in which Mr. Jolson, of course, rides the winner. We never refuse to react to the excitement of these scenes until the first closeup of the hero on one of

those mechanical nags that rock back and forth with about as much resemblance to the stride of a horse as a glass of gingerale with a piece of lemon peel hanging alongside has to a horse's neck.

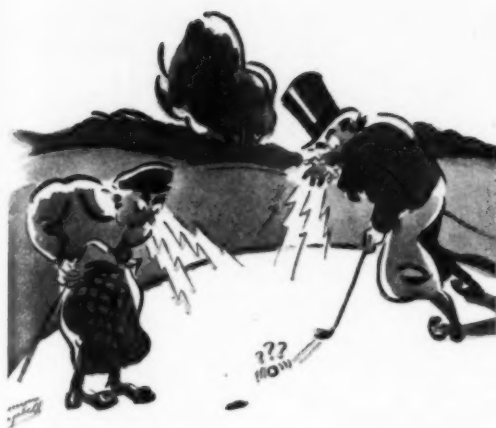
Well, strange forms of entertainment seem to succeed in this country, and perhaps the returns from Mr. Jolson's recent pictures have been satisfactory. The pictures themselves certainly have not.



"Yeah, I joined for business contacts . . . I got orange ade stands."

one he sings to a horse. It is generally conceded that the horse is one of man's best friends and all that, but it is putting it on a little heavy when you expect an audience to get sentimental over a horse's theme song. Mr. Jolson is too good a showman to plan a thing of this sort deliberately, so we presume that it was conceived by somebody else.

However, with each new Jolson picture now we are beginning to wonder about his showmanship. Al's ability



The hypnotist and magician play a round of golf.

Peace

How would you like to go to some quiet, far-away place where they talk about that nervous, hurried fellow who wears a wrist-calendar?

The Next Plum

"It appears that matters have just about come to the point where another cabinet member is needed."

"What is it?"

"Secretary of Crime."

Supply and Demand

There is very little difference between the old-time saloon that stood on the corner and the present day speak-easies. It's just six of one and a couple of dozen of the others.

Anagrins

Scramble up some fun for yourself. Take each word given below, rearrange the letters in it and with the one given letter make up the new word which is defined.

- (1) Scramble *tries* with a *t* and get something in a tree.
- (2) Scramble *train* with an *e* and get something in your eye.
- (3) Scramble *chesty* with an *s* and get some old-fashioned lawn mowers.
- (4) Scramble *hauling* with an *s* and get something to do in jail.
- (5) Scramble *longer* with an *m* and get a poor dog.

(Answers on Page 31)

Replies from Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde

My dear Mrs. Poorpartee as usual:

I can't tell you being of a tactful nature how extremely sorry I am for the poor devils who seem not to be able this time to think up alibis and so are forced to come down to your 999th and probably 999th from the last house party. I had understood that you were to entertain and fortunately accepted the news as true, so was all ready with my previous invitations line.

Very sincerely

sympathizing with the guests,

I. M. FRANK-

LEE LYON.

—Margaret Searle.



WIFE: Well, why don't you speak to them, Charles?

"Poet's Progress"

"A Muse," he said, "is what I woo.
 Marriage for poets is taboo;
 Afar from all the great world's din
 My deathless lyrics I will spin
 Not for the Many but the Few.
 To Art alone can I be true!"
 So to his attic room he flew
 Above a livery stable in
 A Mews.
 And then—he wed, you've guessed it,
 too.
 And now his humorous stories strew
 The book-shop counters where they
 win
 A vogue that brings him lots of tin;
 (They are not Art, but still they *do*
 Amuse!)

—Berton Braley.



"Come on, hop up there now till I see if this thing works."



"Oh! What a wonderful game for the complexion!"

(22)

16

Trite You Are

"It is far better," says Walter Damosch, "to be the first musician in Elmira than one of 10,000 in New York." We get the idea. Sort of a b. f. in a l. p. instead of an l. f. in a b. p.

Standardized

"Those girls look exactly alike. Are they twins?"

"Oh, no. They merely went to the same plastic surgeon."

B-r-r-r

It is said of the new anti-freeze compounds that they stay in the radiator of a car all winter without evaporating. Perhaps they may be used also in apartment house radiators.

Addison Simms of Seattle, Washington, is a visitor in our city today.

—Jacksonville (Tex.) Daily Progress.

Can't seem to remember him.

Life at Home



EVANSVILLE, IND.—Fred Blankford, thirty-two, hit a policeman with a snowball on one of September's warmest days. A snowball is a rarity here even in winter, but the novelty of it didn't save Blankford from being fined \$50 for disorderly conduct. He said he made the missile from refrigerator pipe shavings.

HOLLYWOOD, CALIF. — Clara Bow, film actress, was reported to have lost \$13,500 gambling in Nevada, and to have stopped payment on checks given in settlement. An attache of the studio where Miss Bow is employed explained:

"Clara was given liquors in which something was put to make her lose her usual sense of cool reasoning."

WHITE PLAINS, N. Y.—Real high pressure salesmanship was shown here by the complaint of a man in the White Plains Supreme Court. It seems the energetic salesman not only succeeded in selling the complainant an automobile, but also his sister as a wife. When the wife told him, "I only married you for what I could get," the hypnosis of sales talk wore off and the husband asked for an annulment. But he kept the automobile.

SAN FRANCISCO—Matthew McCurrie, secretary of the San Francisco S. P. C. A., has taken up in all seriousness a complaint that street corner promoters are using lighted matches and cigarettes at the south end of their jumping beans in the quest for more speed in exhibition races between the ambulant pellets.

"I would say generally that I would consider prosecuting the offenders if entomologists hold that the larvae are susceptible to cruelty," said McCurrie. "I would certainly think they would react painfully from fire."

CHICAGO—Martin Nelson, secretary of the Keeley Institute, reports a satisfactory increase in business. Last month, the number of patients admitted shattered all previous records.

PRATTVILLE, ALA.—An eighty-six-year-old woman here was persuaded to join a football game being played in her yard by a group of children. The play got fast and furious and in a scrimmage the old lady had her hip broken.

CLEVELAND — Harry O. Van Hart, whose obituary appeared in a fraternal magazine, sent in an indignant denial. He explained that the death notice "did not matter so much," but complained of his position at "the bottom of the list."

CHICAGO—The Field Museum received a pair of ancient Egyptian dice dating from Cleopatra's day. And a series of experimental rolls by the curator proved that the "bones" were "loaded"—"snake eyes" and "little Phoebe" coming up with unusual frequency.

WASHINGTON—The census bureau report that golf is the most popular sport in the United States. In 1929, the golf goods sold in this country amounted to thirty-five per cent of all athletic paraphernalia. Fishing apparatus came next with fifteen per cent.

And Abroad

EASTBOURNE, ENG.—The Bishop of Johannesburg admitted to his congregation he had fallen asleep during the interpretation of his own sermon while in South Africa.

LONDON—"Golden Dawn" came to England. It consists of equal parts of orange juice, apricot brandy, Calvados and Booth's gin, with a dash of grenadine, and it won first prize in the short drink class in Britain's first international cocktail competition.

A pink cocktail containing the yolk of an egg, gin and cherry juice started as a hot favorite, but failed to beat "Golden Dawn" for the jury's final selection. The contest was held by the Geneva Association of Hotel and Restaurant Employees in London's west end.

BOMBAY—"Cut down the palm trees" is one of the slogans of the National Congress Party in its fight for prohibition, combined with India's independence. The national drink, toddy, is made from the fermented juice of the date, cocoanut and other palms.



"I'll bet that — I X !! MN ! — is playin' backgammon with him !"

Confidential Guide

LIFE'S TICKET SERVICE

How LIFE readers can get good orchestra seats at box-office prices to all shows on this page indicated by stars.

See Page 29

(Listed in the order of their openings)

Plays

- ★STRICTLY DISHONORABLE. *Avon*. \$3.85—Good light comedy with an amusing angle on seduction.
- ★THE FIRST MRS. FRASER. *Playhouse*. \$3.00—Sat. Hol. \$3.85—Grace George supported by an excellent cast, winning back a truant husband.
- ★THE GREEN PASTURES. *Mansfield*. \$4.40—A sympathetic and humorous interpretation of the Scriptures as the oldtime darky conceives them. Pulitzer Prize play.
- ★LYSISTRATA. *Forty-fourth Street*. \$5.50—Hilarious revival of Aristophanes' classic which features the only good plan for disarmament.
- ★LADIES ALL. *Morosco*. \$3.00—Sat. Hol. \$3.85—An entertaining sketch of some light doings in Westport.
- ★DANCING PARTNER. *Belasco*. \$3.85—Sat. Hol. \$4.40—An unimportant comedy with a subtle airplane scene.
- ★THE NINTH GUEST. *Eltinge*. \$3.00—Sat. Hol. \$3.85—Mystery play in which the members of a dinner party die like flies.

- ★TORCH SONG. *Plymouth*. \$3.85—Religion and sex, superinduced by a knock-out second act.
- ★UP POPS THE DEVIL. *Masque*. \$3.00—Sat. Hol. \$3.85—The theme is the extent to which a man should be kept, and its development brings the record laughs of the season.
- ★THE LAST MILE. *Ambassador*. \$3.00—Sat. Hol. \$3.85—Harrowing play based on mutiny in the death house.
- ★THAT'S GRATITUDE. *John Golden*. \$3.85—A small-town comedy which is an undeniable hit, with Frank Craven at his best.
- ★SYMPHONY IN TWO FLATS. *Shubert*. \$3.00—Sat. Hol. \$3.85—Ivor Novello's attempt at a new medium, spotty, and none too interesting.
- ROADSIDE. *Longacre*—A comedy by Lynn Riggs. Notice later.
- ★ONCE IN A LIFETIME. *Music Box*. \$3.85—Sat. Hol. \$4.40—Hit show—satire of Hollywood with former button maker as czar of the new talkies. Moral—all you need is courage.
- ★FAREWELL TO ARMS. *National*. \$3.00—Sat. Hol. \$3.85—Laurence Stallings valiantly attempts the impossible in his dramatization of Ernest Hemingway's book.
- ★THE GREEKS HAD A WORD FOR IT. *Sam H. Harris*. \$3.85—Sat. Hol. \$4.40—Zoe Akin's new play wherein three ladies of leisure carry on the Three Musketeer Traditions—and talk and talk and talk.

- ★FRANKIE AND JOHNNIE. *Republic*. \$3.00—Sat. Hol. \$3.85—Stirring barroom days of the nineties in costume. A bit of everything—burlesque, pathos, comedy—but you're never sure which the author intended.

- ★NINE TILL SIX. *Ritz*. \$3.00—All feminine cast—22 of them—text book study of problems the head of a dressmaking establishment must face.

- ★MR. GILHOOLEY. *Broadhurst*. \$3.85—Sat. Hol. \$4.40—Faithful dramatization of Liam O'Flaherty's novel with Helen Hayes struggling with her desire for an unfaithful absent lover and a faithful present suitor.

Musical

- ★FLYING HIGH. *Apollo*. \$5.50—A long established hit, with Bert Lahr and Oscar Shaw.

- ★GARRICK GAIETIES. *Guild*. \$3.00—Brisk, amusing revue.

- ★EARL CARROLL'S VANITIES. *New Amsterdam*—Girl show.
- ★HOT RHYTHM. *Times Square*. \$3.00—Colored revue, with excellent dancing.
- ★SECOND LITTLE SHOW. *Royale*. \$4.40—Sat. Hol. \$5.50—Dramatic history does not, unfortunately, always repeat itself.
- ★LUANA. *Hammerstein's*. \$6.60—Musical version of "The Bird of Paradise", with a good score by Rudolph Friml.
- ★NINA ROSA. *Majestic*. \$5.50—Operetta with splendid songs and a swell fight.
- ★FINE AND DANDY. *Erlanger's*. \$6.60—Musical comedy. Joe Cook in one of his craziest. Don't miss it.

Records

Victor

- "I WANT A LITTLE GIRL"—McKinney's Cotton Pickers. Slow drag foxtrot. Saxophones, muted trumpets and bluesy atmosphere. Recommended and
- "OKAY BABY"—Same orchestra—faster tempo, and a tune that's easy to sing, whistle or dance.
- "BEYOND THE BLUE HORIZON" and
- "ALWAYS IN ALL WAYS" (both from *Movie—Monte Carlo*)—Jeanette MacDonald, soprano, with orchestra. Mild entertainment. You'll like Jeanette better in the picture.

Columbia

- "NEW TIGER RAG"—Paul Whiteman and His Orchestra playing one of the hottest tunes ever written. Great. Don't miss it. and
- "NOLA"—Same orchestra in a piano workout.
- "MY BLUEBIRD WAS CAUGHT IN THE RAIN" and
- "I DON'T MIND WALKIN' IN THE RAIN"—Ipana Troubadours. Don't save this for a rainy day.
- "DON'T TELL HER WHAT'S HAPPENED TO ME" and
- "THE KISS WALTZ" (*Movie—Dancing Sweeties*)—Ruth Etting sings these with high-powered appeal and many tears in her voice. Should not be missed.

Brunswick

- "THE WHISTLER AND HIS DOG"—Organ solo with xylophone. Lew White in a novelty number. Whistling and dog barking effects should thrill the youngsters. and
- "DOWN SOUTH" (*Movie—Show Boat*)—Same artist entertaining.
- "I WONDER HOW IT FEELS TO BE HEAD OVER HEELS IN LOVE" and
- "I DON'T MIND WALKING IN THE RAIN"—Vocal duet with violin and guitar. Cotton and Morpheus should stick to singing, which they do fairly well, instead of throwing in a lot of trite comedy.

Sheet Music

- "Just A Little Dance Mamselle" (*No show*)
- "By All The Stars Above You" (*No show*)
- "Too Bad I Had To Meet You At All" (*No show*)
- "Am I Gonna See You Some More" (*No show*)
- "Just A Little While" (*No show*)
- "The Penalty Of Love" (*Hot Rhythm*)
- "Luana", "Son of the Sun" and
- "Aloha" (*Luana*)
- "Sweet Person" (*No show*)
- "A Glutton For Love" (*No show*)
- "My Only One" (*No show*)
- "Tired Of Love" (*The Second Little Show*)

(Continued on Page 29)



IN "DANCING PARTNER."

Irene Purcell breaking the shocking news to Henry Stephenson that she has nothing on under her coat, while Lynn Overman hovers in the offing hoping for the best.

The Family Album



Reprinted from LARZ, Nov. 2, 1905

The Village Election.

Our Foolish Contemporaries



BORE (relating escape from drowning): All I was conscious of was a great blackness with lurid spots.

FELLOW CLUBMAN: H'm! Your past?

—Humorist.

Layoff actor approached Benny Ryan, saying:

"Hello, pal, lend me a nickel, will you? I want to call up a friend."

"Here's a dime; call up all your friends," Ryan answered.

—Variety.

A judge gave an Oregon grocer who beat up a Government inspector a chance to defend himself. The grocer said:

"I am guilty. I lost my head. All the morning I held my temper while Government agents inspected my scales, tasted my butter, smelled my meat, graded my kerosene. In addition, your honor, I had just answered three Federal questionnaires. Then this bird comes along and wants to take moving pictures of my cheese. It was more than I could stand—I pasted him in the eye."

—Atchison Globe.

It seems that some motorists make a practice of running down rabbits on country roads at night. No surprise is felt that they have found pedestrians too easy.

—Punch.

It is alleged that cat skins are now being sold as rabbit skins to be used in the making of imitation beaver.

—Dublin Opinion.

"Waiter, it's been half an hour since I ordered that turtle soup."

"Sorry, sir, but you know how turtles are."

—Boston Transcript.

HER MOTHER: Do you always greet Ferdinand with a kiss when he comes home from work?

MRS. SNOOPS: Yes, always. How else could I find out if he's been drinking?

—Detroit News.

BURLY BILL: Got a penny on yer, guv'nor?

LITTLE SNIFFEY: Certainly, but what do you two men want with one penny?

BEEFY BERT: We wants to toss up, guv'nor, to decide which of us is to have yer watch and which yer money.

—Manchester Evening News.



KIND OLD LADY (to hero, who is about to brave the rapids in a barrel): Would you like something to read?

—Punch (by permission).

LIFEGUARD (with girl in arms): Sir, I have just resuscitated your daughter.

FATHER: Then, by gad, you'll marry her!

—Penn. Punch Bowl.

OLD GENTLEMAN (a little bit shocked): You're too young to swear!

WILLIE (exasperated): An' Mum says I'm too old to cry. What is a kid of my age to do when he hurts himself?

—Everybody's Weekly.

The husband came home and was greeted at the front door by his wife.

"Did you get the new maid?" he asked.

She shook her head.

"No, I'm afraid not, dear," she answered.

"Weren't there any at the registry office?" he went on angrily.

"Yes, darling, but we've had them all before," was the rejoinder.

—Pearson's.

Tommy returned from school with a perplexed brow.

"What's the matter, sonny?" asked his father.

"I can't get a certain sum right," returned the boy. "I wish you'd help me with it, dad!"

His father shook his head.

"Can't, my boy," he said, "it wouldn't be right."

"I don't suppose it would," Tommy replied, "but you might have a try!"

—Answers.

Life in Society



On the Bridal Trail

Miss Carol Fipps crossing a stream on the bridal path at White Sulphur Springs. This popular member of the younger set is often on the bridal trail, but never a bride. Pictured with her are two thoroughbred, high-button dogs.

Decorations characteristic of Wall Street will be features of a special dinner to be held tomorrow night at the Central Park Casino. The effect of a broker's office will be suggested by the use of tickers, tape, crying widows and spats in the decorative scheme.

During the main course a girl, representing "Life Savings," will be placed in a beef juice squeezer and, as she hollers "mama," the handle will be turned down until all the gold is extracted. What's left will be thrown to the birds out in the Park.

For dessert a group of college students will march in dressed as vice presidents, sell a bond to their fathers and then disappear through a trap door into a speakeasy.

Instead of lettuce, the salad will consist of crisp ten-dollar bills and chopped celery.

Mr. and Mrs. Archibald Collins are extending their stay in Newport for several more paragraphs.

Mr. J. Henry Learned has returned from Europe and is at 117 East Sixty-fourth Street for the Winter—unless someone in Palm Beach is looking for a fourth.
—Jack Cluett.

AS WARM IN YOUR CAR AS IN YOUR LIVING ROOM

HaDees

HOT WATER CAR HEATER

PATENT NOS. RE17131 AND 1740989

—is a permanent, pure air, heating plant that gives you complete car-heat control in any weather, at the touch of a finger on the dashboard.

HaDees Hot Water Car Heater insures perfect driving comfort whether the weather be sub-zero, just mildly chilly, or hot.

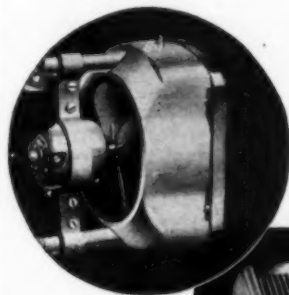
An electric fan forces fresh hot air or cool air—as desired—into the car, and an ingenious deflector gives you control of intensity and direction.

Front dash models for Sedans and Coupes—a special model for Ford cars, and a De Luxe Rear Seat Heater.

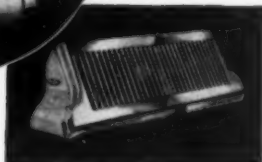
Ask your nearest automobile or accessory dealer to explain all the facts.

Every HaDees Heater guaranteed by the world's largest bonding house, the National Surety Company. Their Gold Bond Guarantee of quality adds no extra cost to you.

LIBERTY FOUNDRIES COMPANY
(A Division of Burd Piston Ring Co.)
Rockford, Illinois



Fan-forced heat in all models.



Rear seat heater.



HaDees non-freezing fluid, the never-failing, economical, all-winter radiator fluid.

Ask your dealer.

HaDees

HOT WATER CAR HEATER

PATENT NOS. RE17131 AND 1740989



Blows Hot when it's Cold Blows Cool when it's Hot

For the week, the month
or the season



THE Barclay suites are distinctly home—the home of the Early American Manor House—served with the quiet efficiency of the well-trained staff that makes the real home a pleasure . . . close to the theater, the opera, the shops of modern New York.

The BARCLAY

One Hundred Eleven East Forty-Eighth Street
Warren T. Montgomery — Managing Director

← NEW YORK →



"When All The World Laughs
The Perfection of Humanity
Will Have Been Reached."

Life

fully believes this and, noting the really high intellectual standard of its friends, considers laughter a fair educational test. Readers of LIFE have real things to laugh at—a sure laugh on every page. Try it yourself for a year, or Obey That Impulse, and for a trial trip, avail yourself of our

Special Offer

Enclosed find One Dollar. (Foreign \$1.40). Send LIFE for the next ten weeks to

One Year \$5

LIFE, 60 E. 42d Street, New York

Foreign \$6.00
L.H.



THE WATERS UNDER THE EARTH, by Martha Ostenso. *Dodd Mead & Co.*, \$2.50. Author of *Wild Geese* holds her fine fictional form here. Ingrowing American family, with fundamentalist father, all enveloped in restrained tragic humor. The psychology of feudal repression dramatized in its deadly hypocritical effects upon male and female younger generation. Powerful. Absorbing.

MISS MOLE, by (Miss) E. H. Young. *Harcourt Brace & Co.*, \$2. One character English story, treating of a mid-victorian hangover minister and revealing the only English housekeeper in captivity with a sense of humor; delightful dialogue submerged in overmuch, but excellent, description. Rather creaky construction, but overcome by the penetrating art in writing.

"TALES TOLD BY SIMPSON," by May Sinclair. *McMillan Co.*, \$2; and, THE LITTLE DOG LAUGHED, by Leonard Merrick. *E. P. Dutton & Co.*, \$2.50. Latest and best short stories by two very different writers. May Sinclair's tales so lucid and simple they fool you into saying "How easy," but afterwards they linger. Merrick's comedy effects, accomplished, vivid, biting, spicy, rare in their ironic, sophisticated but still amiable quality.

THE PSYCHOLOGY OF ACHIEVEMENT, by Walter B. Pitkin. *Simon & Schuster*, \$3.50. Crashing his way through accepted traditions about success, energetic Pitkin feeds us with a whirlwind of observation and anecdotes of the great: a clinical operator, opening up the insides of the sawdust giant of modern materialism. It may (and does) leave one in the air, but the ride through is better than in the most temperamental roller coaster.

NEW WAYS TO MAKE MONEY, by Roger Babson. *Harper & Bros.*, \$2.50. Gliding easily from pessimism to optimism, our scientific prophet slips on the mantle of Alice in Wonderland, and waves his magic wand at the near future, giving us hope of synthetic meals, push button architecture, and reorganized spiritual improvements. We adore it. Mr. Babson, tell us some—*Thomas L. Masson.*

LIFE'S Ticket Service

**We render this service without profit solely in the interest of our readers.*

**If you are going to be in New York, LIFE's Ticket Service will not only save you money but an extra trip to the box-office.*

Good seats are available for attractions indicated in the Confidential Guide by STARS and at PRICES noted.

All orders for tickets must reach LIFE Office at least seven days before date of performance. Check for exact amount must be attached to each Purchase Order.

Receipt will be sent to purchaser by return mail. This must be presented at the box-office on the evening of the performance.

IN ORDER TO KEEP TICKETS OUT OF THE HANDS OF TICKET SCALPERS SEATS WILL BE HELD AT THE BOX-OFFICE AND WILL NOT BE RELEASED UNTIL AFTER EIGHT O'CLOCK ON THE NIGHT OF THE PERFORMANCE.

In selecting attractions, purchasers are asked to name two alternative choices of shows with each selection, in case LIFE's quota of seats for that performance is exhausted. Remittance will have to cover the cost of the highest priced seats requested. Any excess amount will be refunded.

LIFE will be glad to make appropriate selections for purchasers if they will indicate with order the type of show preferred and remit amount to cover top prices. Any excess amount will be refunded.

NO ORDERS FOR SEATS TAKEN OVER THE TELEPHONE.

NO MONEY REFUNDED ON ORDERS WITHOUT SEVEN DAYS' NOTICE.

LIFE'S TICKET SERVICE 60 East 42nd St., New York City Purchase Order

Dear LIFE

I want tickets for the following shows:

(Name of Show)

(No. Seats) (Date)

(Alternates)

(Name)

(Address)

Check for \$.....Enclosed

Confidential Guide

(Continued from Page 24)

Hotels for Dining and Dancing

C—(Cover Charge)

★(Must Dress)

AMBASSADOR GREEN ROOM, Park at 51st. No cover. Harold Stern's orchestra.

ASTOR ROOF, Broadway at 44th. C(after 9 o'clock) \$1.00. Myer Davis Orchestra.

BILTMORE CASCADES, Madison at 43rd Street. C(after 9:30) \$1.00 week-days; \$2.00 Saturdays. Bert Lown's Orchestra.

McALPIN ROOF, Broadway at 34th Street. C\$1.00 week-days; \$1.50 Saturdays. Eddie Lane's Orchestra.

NEW YORKER TERRACE RESTAURANT, 8th Ave. at 34th. C(after 10 o'clock) \$1.00 week-days; \$2.00 Saturdays. Kay Kyser and his orchestra.

PARK CENTRAL ROOF, 7th Ave. at 55th. C(after 9:30) \$1.00 week-days; \$2.50 Saturdays. Don Bigelow Orchestra. Dances by Easter and Hazelton.

PENNSYLVANIA ROOF, 7th Ave. at 33rd. C(after 9:30) \$1.00 week-days; Saturdays, \$2.00. Phil Spitalny orchestra.

RITZ CARLTON ROOF, Madison at 46th. No cover. Ritz Orchestra.

ROOSEVELT GRILL, Madison at 45th. No cover. Leo Furst orchestra.

★ST. REGIS ROOF, 5th Ave. at 55th. C\$2 (after 10 o'clock) Vincent Lopez orchestra. Dances by Veloz and Yolanda.

LIFE'S FRESH AIR FUND

LIFE'S FRESH AIR FUND has been in operation for the past forty-three years. In that time it has expended over \$547,000 and has provided more than 53,000 country vacations for poor city children.

Twenty-five dollars, approximately, pays for such a holiday for some poor child from the crowded, hot city. Won't you help?

Contributions (which are acknowledged in LIFE about four weeks after their receipt) should be made payable to LIFE'S FRESH AIR FUND, and sent to 60 East 42nd Street, New York City.

LIFE has two Summer Camps. The Camp for Girls is at Branchville, Conn., while the Camp for Boys is located at Pottersville, N. J.

Previously acknowledged	\$35,887.04
Mrs. O. Agathon, New York	25.00
Mrs. Frank O. Hardy, Fitchburg, Mass.	2.00
C. C. Van Liew, New York	5.00
Church collections, etc., Camp Win-	
nicut, Centre Harbor, N. H.	32.56
Given in Memory of Adelaide War-	
drop	25.00
Georgia E. Lyon, Chicopee Falls, Mass.	5.00
George Brown, Jr., Coronado, Cal.	5.00
B. H. Ludlow, Philadelphia	25.00
Mrs. Wm. H. Button, New York ...	25.00
Thanksgiving, "Patsie," Santa Mon-	
ica, Cal.	5.00
Thank offering, "Bee," Santa Mon-	
ica, Cal.	1.00
Norman School for Boys, Santa Mon-	
ica, Cal.	2.00

\$36,044.50

FOR APPEARANCE'S SAKE WEAR A SIMMONS CHAIN



If you care about the way you look to other people, you won't be careless about the chain that guards your watch, your keys, knife, emblem or other accessories. Simmons Chains are made by men who know authentic styles, who keep abreast of all that is fresh and modern in sound design. Simmons Chains wear well. And in a wide variety of beautiful patterns, they still come within the comfortable range of \$4 to \$15. The good-looking Waldemar above, \$55, costs \$9 alone, white gold-filled, and would make a splendid gift to a young man going back to school or college. Your jeweler has it, and many others equally attractive. R. F. Simmons Company, Attleboro, Mass.

SIMMONS CHAINS



The swivel says
It's a Simmons

When
you throw
a real party
serve

Apollinaris

Your guests will at once
see that you wish them to
have only the best.

The Finest Sparkling Table Water
in the World


Sole Importers: Apollinaris Agency Co.
Fifth Avenue at 42nd Street, New York

We read that there are many thieves
who have reformed and now keep
shops. Some of them, on the other
hand, just keep shops. —*Humorist.*

The town cynic claims his apartment
is so small they keep the family skele-
ton in the dumb waiter.

—*Detroit News.*

Free this
140 Page
Book of
Record
Keeping
Forms



HERE'S a book that will help you with
your record-keeping problems. Con-
tains wide variety of life-size Bookkeeping
forms, completely filled in, illustrating
uses. For office or factory—business or
profession—It shows you simplest and
most efficient methods of accounting now
being used by 300,000 leading firms.
Book sent FREE when requested on busi-
ness stationery. No obligation!

JOHN C. MOORE CORP., Est. 1839
6091 Stone Street, Rochester, N. Y.

Merely Fill in Coupon and 140-page Book
Will be Sent you FREE

Name _____
Business _____
City _____ State _____

Winners of LIFE's Cross Word
Picture Puzzle No. 57



You don't see many of these nowadays.

Mrs. James H. Rust,
2112 Auburn Avenue,
Cincinnati, Ohio.

For explanation: "Though lost to sight—to
memory dear."

Howard Powel,
Palmer Sanatorium,
Springfield, Ill.

For explanation: A vanishing Americanism.

H. A. Norman,
2218 Bailey Avenue,
Chattanooga, Tenn.

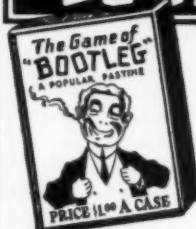
For explanation: But from the looks of the
men, they are still popular.

Teaspoonful of Abbott's Bitters on half Grape Fruit, a de-
lightful breakfast tonic. 50c sample Abbott's Bitters for 25c.
Write Abbott's Bitters, Baltimore, Maryland.



MAID: The janitor is at the
door, Ma'am, and he wants to
borrow your cocktail shaker.

Play the New Card Game
BOOTLEG



A THRILL
EVERY MINUTE!
There's a big kick in
BOOTLEG—the game
with a thousand thrills.
The Wets and Drys are
in it—also bootleggers,
hijackers, holdup men
and killers, with the
sheriffs, police chiefs and
judges hot after them.
It's a great game—thrills
and laughs from start to
finish! Get BOOTLEG
today at your department
store or drug store—\$1
per case. Mailed postpaid if your dealer cannot sup-
ply you.

BOOTLEG PLAYING CARD CO.
517 Leib St. Detroit, Mich.



Abbott's
BITTERS

Tones the Stomach
Improves the Appetite
Aids Digestion

Sample of Bitters by
mail 25 cts.

C. W. ABBOTT & CO.
Baltimore, Md.

For Well Brushed
Hair All the Time,
& a Healthy Scalp
You Need



The Sunday school lesson was about
Simon Peter, and after the opening ex-
ercises of the class the teacher asked
what Peter's other name was. The
new little girl raised her hand in excite-
ment and proudly answered, "Rabbit."

—*Parents' Magazine.*

A doctor mentions the peculiar case
of a man who goes to sleep with his
gloves on. But what about our heavy-
weight boxers? —*Punch.*

"Why be Ashamed?"

Why hide your nails? You'll be
proud to show them, if you regu-
larly trim, clean and file them
with Gem, the pocket manicure.
Only takes a few moments! Sold
at all drug and cutlery stores.
Gem 50c, Gem Jr. 35c. (watch-
chain model).

The H. C. COOK CO., 7 Beaver St.
Ansonia, Conn.

Gem Clippers



Gem
Jr. 35c

Dramatic Critic

I hate to criticize each working day
The openings of the night before.
Ibsen, Ziegfeld, and the other boys
Who may insist that I'm a bore.
I hate to criticize each working day
To disavow the drama's subtle joys.

Baby Spot
Get Hot!
I'll see you in my dreams.
Mrs. Fiske
Blackout!

I hate to criticize. It makes me blue
But I've seen everything, you see.
So there is naught else I can do.
—ed. graham.

In Chicago several spectators were
wounded when gangsters attacked a
police motor-car. Chicago spectators
should know by this time that gang-
sters don't like to be stared at.
—Punch.



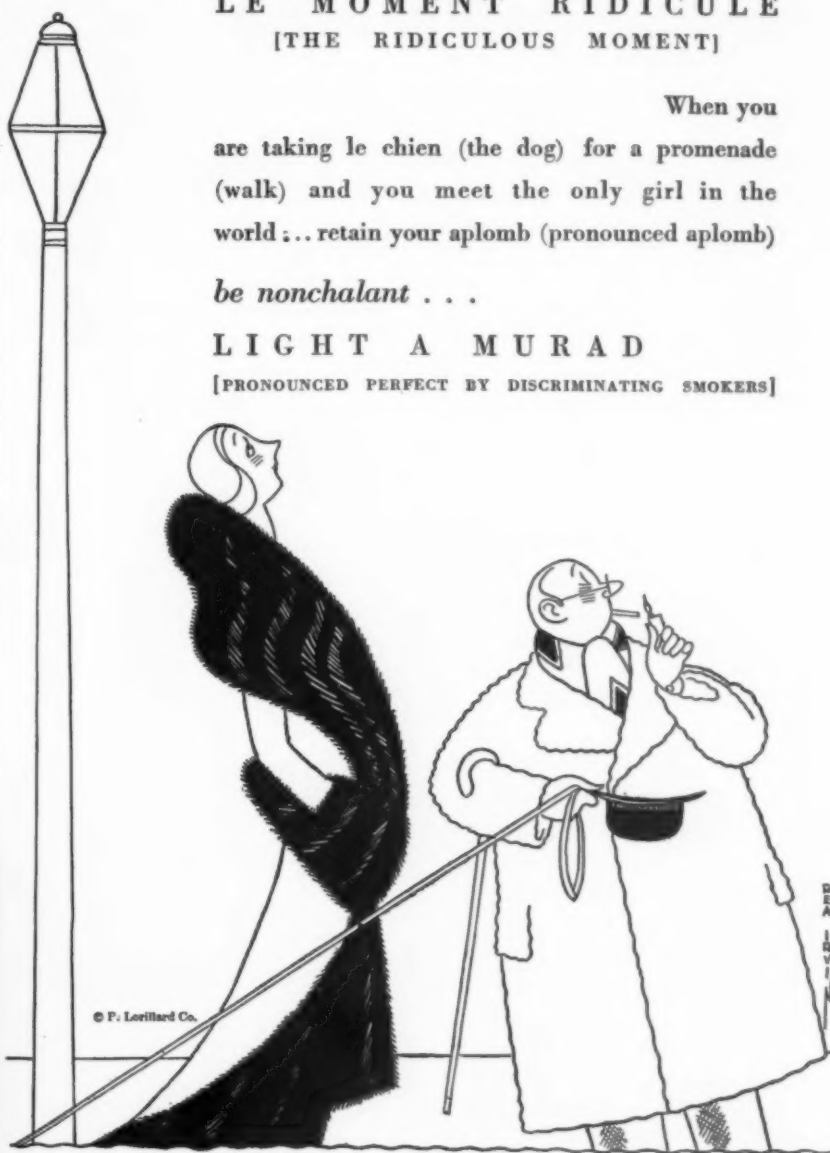
"Say Buddy, is this the way to—
oh, pardon me!"

LE MOMENT RIDICULE [THE RIDICULOUS MOMENT]

When you
are taking le chien (the dog) for a promenade
(walk) and you meet the only girl in the
world... retain your aplomb (pronounced aplomb)
be nonchalant...

LIGHT A MURAD

[PRONOUNCED PERFECT BY DISCRIMINATING SMOKERS]



FREDDY: My mother's got a 'lectric
washin' machine.

JACKIE: Gee! Will she use it on
you?
—Answers.

Perhaps Queen Mary does smoke
cigarettes, but the question is will she
indorse them?
—Virginian Pilot.

To escape criticism, live openly. Who
ever heard any scandal about a gold
fish?
—Publishers Syndicate.

Answers to Anagrins

On Page 21

- (1) Sitter.
- (2) Retina.
- (3) Scythes.
- (4) Languish.
- (5) Mongrel.





"Blossom Time" All the Time in California and Southern Arizona

The warmth of Spring awaits you. The Santa Fe will take you—on Santa Fe rails "all the way." You leave on the Santa Fe and arrive on the Santa Fe. **The CHIEF is still chief—the fastest and most exclusive train to Southern California.**

Pullman reservations now being made.

All-expense tours on certain dates this winter.

After California—Hawaii.

-----MAIL COUPON-----

W. J. Black, Pass. Traf. Mgr., Santa Fe System Lines
912 Railway Exchange, Chicago, Ill.

Please mail folders checked below:

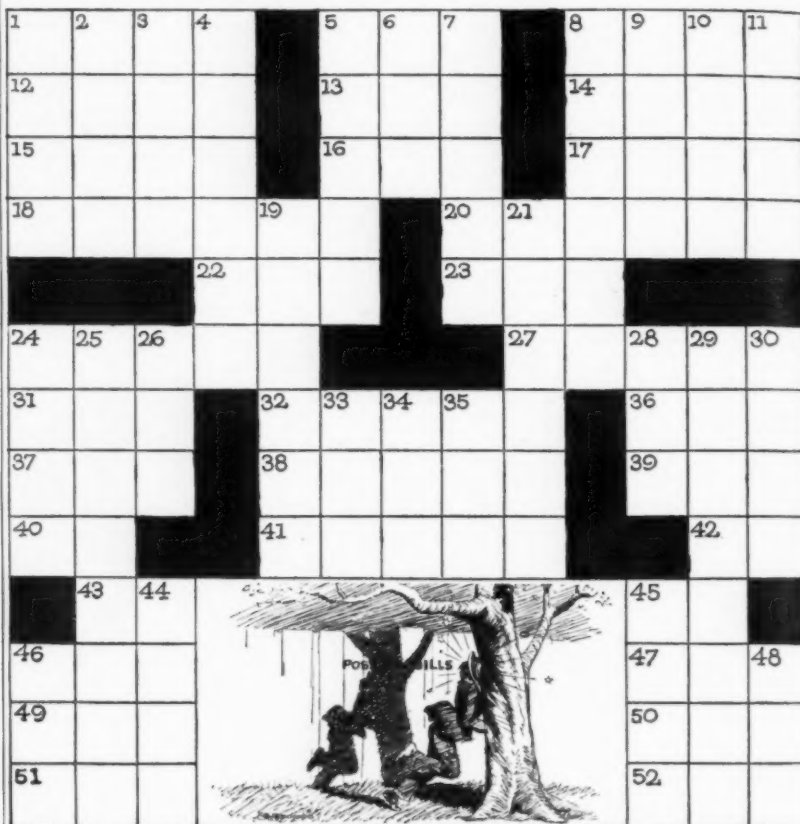
- ☐ California Picture Book ☐ The Indian-detours
☐ California Hotel Rates ☐ Arizona Winter
☐ All-expense Tours

LIFE'S CROSS WORD PICTURE PUZZLE NO. 62

After you have solved the puzzle and got the correct title for the picture, the words of which are in the puzzle, give your explanation of it in not more than 15 words.

Send in the completed puzzle with the title and your explanation. The cleverest explanations will be printed, and LIFE will pay \$5 for each one accepted.

Send all puzzles to Puzzle Editor, LIFE, 60 East 42nd Street, New York. Contest for this issue closes November 1.



ACROSS

1. The main point.
5. This goes on a head.
8. Runs around aimlessly.
12. Capitol of Norway.
13. Past time.
14. Unlucky stone.
15. Metallic compound.
16. Thing (law).
17. This has a hidden meaning.
18. What some wives do rather than ask for money.
20. An inseparable companion.
22. Common contraction.
23. Keep this open for any news.
24. A newspaper beat.
27. This is the limit.
31. God of the flocks.
32. This guy keeps the missionary busy.
36. State (Abbr.).
37. Beverage.
38. An occurrence of importance.
39. Month (Abbr.).
40. Sun god.
41. What we are rated by.
42. Pronoun.
43. Ditto.
45. That man.
46. By way of.
47. Country hotel.
49. Another pronoun.
50. Boil on the lid.
51. Organ of sight.
52. Compass direction.

DOWN

1. This will make a man get a move on.
2. Little island.
3. Army hash.
4. Lettuce and—
5. These run in packs.
6. A lifetime.
7. A hunting party.
8. Baby carriage.
9. Without feet.
10. Ornamental border.
11. What the murderer did.
19. Frost bitten.
21. Visits frequently.
24. Box.
25. A state of affliction.
26. Unit.
28. A little fellow.
29. What weather is made of.
30. The kind of stories swapped in the smoking car.
33. Salutation.
34. Turn to the right.
35. Also.
44. Solid comfort.
45. Applause to the villain.
46. Rival.
48. American Humorist.



CONTROL

THE graceful crane depends on its perfect control. And motor-ing, to be safe, easy and pleasant, depends on the same thing.

Better control is just what Ethyl Gasoline means in any car. That's because the Ethyl anti-knock compound it contains, speeds pick-up, sharpens engine response, develops an extra reserve of alert, always dependable power.

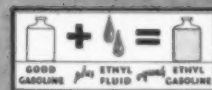
The new high-compression cars need Ethyl. They were designed for fuel of Ethyl's anti-knock quality.

But Ethyl will improve the performance of *any* car. Try a tankful in heavy traffic where *control* means everything. Ethyl Gasoline Corporation, Chrysler Building, New York.



Kicks out that knock

Wherever you see the Ethyl emblem, you are sure you are getting gasoline of high anti-knock quality.



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ETHYL GASOLINE

20,679 Physicians
say **LUCKIES** are
less irritating

I too prefer
LUCKIES
because...

Toasting removes
dangerous irritants
that cause
throat irritation
and coughing



"It's toasted"

Your Throat Protection —
against irritation — against cough.